

# THE LONDON GAZETTE

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NO. XXXI.

## FALLEN WOMEN.



## THE General's Letter.

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY  
SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

MY DEAR COMRADES,

The operations of the Army in this direction for the last few months, and recent investigations in combination with other allies, of whom the world has been hearing the last few days, have resulted in uncovering in London life a state of things of sufficiently heinous character and proportions to perfectly horrify every man and woman—to say nothing of religion—that has one spark of human nature in their breast.

Here in this city, the capital of Christian England, full of churches and chapels and bishops and clergy and ministers and Bible and philanthropic societies, there is openly carried on an inhuman traffic in the bodies and souls of young, ignorant, innocent girls to gratify the sensual, devilish lusts of cruel, heartless men, many of whom boast of superior station and education, and even—in some instances—religion.

Let us look at two or three items thrown together, which illustrate the awful state of things actually existing at this very hour and which may open our eyes still further to the necessity of some much more practical religion than anything we have known as yet, with regard to the black continent of misery and sin—and we might almost say, damnation, prevailing around us.

In London there are said to be at least 50,000 fallen women, to support one of whom requires at least six men. These four-fifths of the men who keep these poor women are said to be married. What a mass of wretches could be seen through the rift in the dark door!

Many of these poor girls do not survive the first year. Some of the streets are more fortunate (1) last six or seven, or even longer. Three years is their average life. So that at that rate every three years fifty thousand are swept away to the grave, and a new army of fifty thousand innocent creatures has to be found to supply their place. They are killed by the unnatural life by which they earn their livelihood, and strong drink—as they are seldom many hours from the bottle influence; and by the dreadful disease which poisons and rots their poor flesh while they live.

What an awful destruction is here! One would have thought the dreadful business would have exhausted itself with the annihilation of its victims. I am afraid if the average life of a church member was only three years, that notwithstanding all the zeal of the saints the church would soon go out. But not so with this standing army of heathens. The numbers are not only kept up, but rapidly increasing. There are more in proportion to the population to-day than ever before in the history of the land. But this filling up of these dreadful gaps is not accomplished without much skill and labour and risk. The methods are admirably organized in view of the object. Anything more fiendishly clever could not well be imagined. Let us look at one or two of them. Not only will they serve to show how the breaches are filled up, but at the same time reveal some still more horrid aspects of this heinous business.

1. In a few instances, through our experiences with the fallen leads us to think but very few indeed, girls may willingly throw themselves to the streets with some knowledge of the life with a view to getting away from work.

See recent publications of Fall Missions.

2. In many cases the ranks are filled up through the ordinary course of seduction, and the abandonment of the victim, whose character being gone, sees no other method of getting a livelihood. She takes to the streets for a piece of bread.

3. But in most cases this army is recruited by fraud and villainy as horrible and cruel as any practiced out of hell, either in heathen or any other lands.

4. Young children and virtuous girls, from ten to fifteen years of age, as well as those who are older, are deceived under various pretences into restaurants and private houses, and there drugged or intoxicated, and so ruined for time and for eternity.

5. To do all this there are men and women known as procurers and procurers, who make this thing a regular business. They spend their time in workrooms where girls are employed, or in the parks among the nursery maids (1) persuading girls by various inducements to give themselves up willingly to the life; (2) by deceiving them into places for pretended education, where they are drugged or forced against their wills.

6. There are regular agencies which advertise in the newspapers, and by other means to secure situations for governesses, nurses, and servants at home and abroad. These last named apply (1) private individuals; (2) had houses; (3) foreign brothels.

Now something must be done, and somebody must do it. Thank God, The Salvation Army never sees an evil without

quencies of which they are totally ignorant. Indeed by live to feel as those which blasted our first Paradise; taught to believe that they are going to live without work; to be indolent; to have fine clothes and jewelry and money, all of which things they know their mistresses and Sunday-school teachers and other superior people about them think to be the most desirable things in the world. With these baits these fiends in human shape angle for them, all the time poisoning their minds with filthy pictures and stories and suggestions. At the rattlesnake fascinates the little bird with its glittering eye so these wretches charm their unsuspecting victims until the spell is on them, and though they hear the "click, click," of the rattles and know they are going wrong, the glitter takes hold of them and they fly into the mouth of the monster to be swallowed in the jaws of this destruction.

8. Do you say, my comrades, "Silly enough!" This is not all cunning city? And what can these young, unsophisticated creatures know? We must do something for them.

4. Here are the friendless, the orphaned, and the foreign girls who find themselves in the great city not knowing the language; or—what makes a girl almost equally helpless—not knowing a friend.

6. Here are girls who have taken one wrong step and want to retrace it, but know not how to do so.

6. And here is a host of mothers and fathers and guardians who want information about lost children. If there is an

(2) it must give any magistrate power to order any house searched in which there is reason to believe that any girl is detained for immoral purposes or for any other purpose against her will.

2. In London a House of Hope and Enquiry must be at once provided, to be OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

(1) To which any forsaken, helpless, friendless girl can come for counsel and assistance at any hour.

(2) To which any of these white slaves can run from their prison-houses and be assisted.

(3) Where foreign girls, unable to speak English, can be advised and assisted as they may need.

(4) To which girls can write when detained in houses against their will.

(5) Where girls who have not entirely made up their minds to abandon the life can be talked to and prayed with.

(6) To which parents who have lost girls can apply for information.

8. We must also have in London, with branches in the country, a Home of Love and Hope bearing some proportion to the huge necessities of the case, where on a large scale the work of reclaiming the lost can be carried forward on the same line on which, in a less degree, it has been so successful in Whitechapel.

A similar house should be established in every large town and city where The Army is established.

## Are You a RED-HOT SALVATIONIST?

What is that? One who believes in a red-hot Salvation. Where? In his own heart; in his home; in the street; in the shop; in the business; in the market; in the Army; in the meeting; in the world; or the sea, or in the battle-field. One who has a

Clean heart, Clean head, Clean thoughts, Clean actions, Clean words, A clean life.

One who believes in God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost. One who has a dying world at heart, and lives for the benefit of the perishing masses. A man or woman of God! One who is a slave to

Being used by God, Filled by God.

A man of God, Walking with God.

One who believes in life, liberty, and freedom. One who believes in an old-fashioned Holy Ghost awakening all over the world. When? In the year 1885. Oh, for a mighty awakening! One who lives for souls. A praying, pleading, wrestling, agonizing Soldier of the Cross. One who is willing to live,

Suffer or die for Jesus.

One who has some real burning enthusiasm in the bones, who is filled with

## LIFE AND EXPERIENCE

STAFF-CAPTAIN MRS. WOOLLEY.

I was born on the 28th March 1826, in the Village of Colkholly, Kidderminster, England. My parents, although not Christians, were of strictly moral character, members of the church, and I believe, as far as they had light apart from Salvation, trained me in the way that I should go. Our home life was one of happiness and love, and I do not remember when I had so desire to be good, and believe that I should have been converted many years before I was if I had had someone to teach me more plainly and definitely.

At the age of twelve, I called with my mother to Australia, to visit some of my relatives there, and as we were there on board the vessel going and returning that I, for the first time, took part in the duties of the world, yet I cannot say that I had any great desire for these things. They were always attended with a restless, dissatisfied feeling, and when ended I have kept in my room for hours, wishing that I had something which could always satisfy and give me lasting happiness.

I attended the Church of England, and took a great interest in our Bible classes and other branches of work, and was just preparing myself to be confirmed, when on the 2nd of October, 1845 the Army opened in

Kidderminster.

My father and I were at the first meeting, and, oh, how I rejoiced to hear the way of salvation pointed out so plainly and clearly, and although unwilling to yield that morning, yet I determined to be a Christian, and after a week of misery, I resolved to attend the Sunday morning knee drill, and it was there that my feet were snatched asunder.

The first thing was to take my stand at home, and here the fight was hard, but the Lord gave the victory, in bringing my father and mother to Himself. After this came the call to the work. My father and mother

Relieved their consent,

and for a long time I was unwilling to go without it. To leave home never to be allowed to return or be acknowledged as a daughter, was a price higher than I was prepared to pay. After a long struggle, and feeling that I must either become a heathen, I threw myself at His feet and gave Him my life and my soul. I counted the cost, I understood what it meant, but if it was necessary to lose all that I held dear, I would go forward. After promising the Lord, I told my parents what I had done, and now that I must go without their consent if they would not grant it, and to my surprise, without any hesitation it was given.

I entered the Training Home on the 4th of July, 1846, and shall ever praise the Lord for the precious hours spent there, and the many lessons learnt. My first station was

Colchester.

as Lieutenant, and I look back upon the four months spent in that town as amongst my brightest, many having been saved from the power of Satan unto God. I was next ordered to take charge of

Bishop Stortford,

and here indeed I had an experience of real warfare, but while outwardly the power of darkness seemed to have possession, night after night sinners were their way to Calvary. At Withesham, Wiltshire, and feeling that I must either be silent and used me. My last station in England was Salford, where for two months fighting orders came for Canada, and with ten others I sailed on the 21st of January, 1850.

Upon my arrival I was sent to supply

Downmanville,

and am not likely to forget the many blessed hours spent there. After two weeks I left for

Whitby.

Here the fighting was difficult, and it seemed impossible to make any headway, but trusting in Him who has promised never to fail us, we marched forward,



Staff-Capt. WOOLLEY, A. D. C.,

AND

MRS. WOOLLEY,

OF THE LONDON DIVISION.

out asking the question, "Can anything be done to rescue this?" principle is that the straight way to destroy the branches is to go to the root; to deal efficiently with the effect is to deal with the cause. It is good to remove the poor things out of the gutter when they have got in, but if we can prevent them from getting in, it will be better still. What can we do?

1. Here are young girls dragged as men go wild beasts, taken by guile; strangled with chloroform or maddened with drink; got to sleep; or half-nude by brutal force in the process of prostitution.

army of fallen girls what an army of broken-hearted mothers there must be who lie awake through the long night hours on their beds weeping over their lost girls! And what a multitude of fathers there must be who never mention them and in whose presence no one dares to repeat their names! How they must long for information and help! What can they do?

What shall it be? Some. Something shall be done, and done at once.

1. The Criminal Law Amendment Bill must be passed this Session, and of the last

(1) It must make it a punishment to have any criminal dealing with a girl under sixteen years of age, whether she consents or not.

In connection with every Corps there must be a Sergeant or Sergeants trained and so apt specially for the same business, so that it shall come to be known that at every Salvation Army Barracks there is a woman full of love and possessing information on the subject, and prepared to help the fallen and friendless creatures who may require it.

It will be easily seen how, with time and experience the Officers connected with these reclaiming institutions would obtain a fund of information and become skilled in modes of applying it that would make them most efficient.

Yours in the way, with every form of inquiry,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

DON'T FORGET 12.30 PRAYER.

holiness. A holy, pushing man or woman.

Comrades, there are still greater things in store for us yet.

There is a mighty time coming in the future for us. God wants for us each one to become red-hot, and we shall soon see

A great awakening throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Comrades, our God is still the same, our God is an Almighty Saviour and King. He is as willing to use a washer-woman or a saved drunkard, who is living a clean life, as a clergyman or a bishop. Commanded, forward! Oh for a revive Thy work.

and I could not be anything but favorably impressed with my first experience of Canadian people and work. The Army has many friends here who, I believe, will stand by it until the eternal morning. God bless them all! I am more than ever satisfied that with plenty of Holy living, plenty of love, and strong determination to be led only by the Lord and to do the right at all costs, victory shall yet be won for our King.

As I look back along the line of my experience, my heart is very full of gratitude to Him who has done so much for me. For in trying to tell how much He has been for me, I utterly fail, but I am glad to say, to the honor and glory of His name, that He has far more than covered all my expectations, and in return for all this I have only one desire and determination, and that is, that I may fit until the day.

Yours, living at the Cross,  
STAFF-CAPT. MRS. WOODLEE.

## Watford.

Glory be to God for victory. We have soon

### One precious soul

brought to Jesus. Hallelujah! The Holiness meeting on Sunday morning was a time of power, for God came down and applied the Spirit's blood to hearts that had been sighing for rest, and they found rest indeed.

Capt. Evans.

## ZION.

Thank God for a few Blood and Fire soldiers, who have gone in for real hard fighting. In answer to prayer, God has constrained the people to come to our hall, and has helped us to hold good meetings. Sunday was a time of refreshing to many.

Cadet Ganey.

## HARRISTON.

Victory is ours, Harriston is going ahead. People taking more interest in the meetings. Our Friday night holiness meeting was beyond description. We all had a good look at our hearts, then a giving up, then the power and a wave of Salvation, which set us shouting. Sunday meetings powerful all day.

### One soul

yearning for mercy. Thank God we are working on in spite of the devil and his ambassadors.

Capt. VanAllen.

## Humberstone.

We are still at Humberstone, and here we mean to stay. The people would like to get us out of this, but we still mean to stick to our post. Hallelujah!

Capt. Armstrong.

## BRACEBRIDGE.

Praise the Lord for another week of victory. On Thursday night we had a War Cry procession. People shouting that the Salvation Army had new leaders, and followed us to our hall to see what they were made of. Soldiers testifying that their pride was washed away, and they were willing to do anything that would bring them to Jesus. Glorious meetings all day Sunday. Soldiers firing away with good effect. Closed the week rejoicing with.

### Two Souls

won for the Master.

Cadet Mason.

## Listowell.

We are still marching along and receiving the fruits of victory. Bless God! they are coming little by little. We are rejoicing over

### a precious souls

who came to the Saviour last night, and we believe got well saved. Hallelujah!

Capt. Mitchell.

## Brampton.

They will soon die.

Saturday night was a good time to our souls, every Soldier happy and in good fighting spirit.

Sunday morning 7 a.m. finds us sharpening our swords for the day's fight. Holiness meeting was a time of power, and for the blessing of a clean heart, which we finally brought to God. A precious soul was won for the Master, and with the help of our old friends the big and little drums we had a lively time. Good deeds, good attendance, good testimonies. Evening was a time of Holy Ghost power. We believe lots of good seed was sown, and looking over the seed we are sure will soon be led to live, and we believe they will soon die.

Capt. Luck.

# Real Warfare!

## Great Capture of Souls

IN THE

## OTTAWA & COATICOOK

### FISHERIES.

FOURTH AN

## EXHIBITION OF

## ROUGH DIAMONDS

PERTH.

## Streams of Rain and tears—

### New Manoeuvres.

You will be glad to hear that since opening fire on our canvas fort at

## OTTAWA,

we have had continued victories, I mean real conquests, for had not God been on our side the devil would not have found it very hard to follow—not yet, but down our

### Shelter in the time of heat.

But that it is not always hot, and so at times when we want a

### Shelter in the time of Storm,

we find out what it means to be fighting under canvas. I was told one night when it poured with rain, and the people were all huddled together in the middle of the tent (many with their umbrellas up) one of the Soldiers on the platform was holding up a chair over the Captain's head, to keep him from being drenched through, and although they were nearly all soaked, the Captain said they were

### More on fire than ever.

So the devil couldn't wash out their Salvation, but only helped to wash it in, and even now, while I write, my heart overflows with unspeakable joy when I recall to my memory the bright, joyous countenances of the 24 comrades I left that night, after spending two or three days with them in camp.

Capt. Hall reports 28 on the roll, and

### All trustworthy.

Out of that number 28 were to be seen on parade on Sunday. The Prov. Press remarks that, "The Salvation Army turned out yesterday for the usual parade. It is increasing in strength, and mustered 28 of all ranks. The commander of the Corps must have been receiving supplies, for

### Red Guernseys were the rule,

### and not the exception

in the ranks. The band, too, have gone in for a concertino. It was played by the officer at the head of the party, and the

### Modern Miriams

who followed him with tambour—bells, parson—tambour, thumped their sheepskin with the energy of

### Haverly's End Men."

Some of these comrades have been blessed with the worst characters in Ottawa. Humberstone came to see

Jim Irwin,

His Brother,

The Happy Family,

and

Happy Will,

who says it is not "Happy Will" on his journey into it, but Happy Will all over from top to toe.

One brother in the meeting told us he had "come expressly to see Jim Irwin, but could scarcely recognize him." I do not wonder, for his happy face, clean collar and shirt, tidy clothes and bright eyes, are a wonderful contrast to the old drunken Jim. He showed me his hands and his

Lost all his Fingers,

and had his

Forehead and chest smashed in

While Drunk,

but now he testifies that all desire for liquor has been completely eradicated.

His brother's history would take too long to relate, but his

### Wild life in the Shanties

made his well known character, and many have seen him streaming down their cheeks, listening to his exhortations. The new manoeuvres applied, we adopted in the parade had the desired effect in attracting the crowd, and in the night meeting, after

### Wrestling with God in the ring,

for over 40 minutes on our knees, and some red hot from the platform—two others were rescued at the same time, and God has the glory.

Persecuted  
Rebels  
Evidently  
Convinced  
Of  
The  
Truth

that our comrades there are after their souls. Crowds stand on the Market Square to listen to the officers of mercy, and some are coming from the States to see them. Like in other places they find hard fighting is one of the surest signs of victory, for certainly God will never give in, and the battle is raging fiercely. Some have come to Jesus, and many more who are seeking pleasure and finding none are being anxiously watched over and prayed for by those who love their souls. Oh! that God will

### Waken up the Dead

In Prescott, and show the unreal their responsibilities.

### COATICOOK.

reports of having found mercy in the last two weeks. People are coming from long distances to see them, not that the

### Spirit of God takes hold

of them, and they "come in," and start fighting for Jesus right away. I shall be here for a few days, and will let you know something more definite of the war. One thing we find is that the crowd is far too small to hold the crowds who come to hear the story of the Cross told in a new and living way.

We will have wonderful times in a few days in

### MONTREAL.

so we will wait patiently for a dispatch after the "Go" is over with full particulars of the proceedings.

The mine of truth that we announced as having been struck in

### PERTH

turns out to be of diamonds in the "rock." A small few new and old comrades have had and are having a struggle to polish these jewels. Many of them, as was expected, are

### Shining out brightly

in their daily life; just ask and be convinced for yourself. I spent a Sunday here, and for the first time we marched with the drum, and a lassie who boldly determined to

### Be out and out for God.

Thirty or more have come to Jesus at this station recently opened, and we expect to have many more opened up the line, where we will be able to offer

### Free drinks for the thirsty.

God help us to open up faster than ever.

STAFF-CAPT. YOUNG, D.O.

## WYOMING.

Glory be to God! We are marching right on to victory here in spite of opposition. Although they passed a law here to stop beating drums and timbrels or blowing horns, or any noise whatever, we don't care what the people say, we go right on and beat away. We do it for His honor and glory, and the Salvation of precious souls. Good meetings all week. We are beginning to find out who is our friend and who is our enemy.

Capt. Ehl.

## ORILLIA.

This was a glorious week to our souls. One precious soul went his way to the Cross.

Good meetings all day Sunday. At night the people were moved to tears, and we still pray that many may be brought to the feet of the dear Master.

Capt. Crosby.

## Bothwell.

Victory through the Blood. After some real pitch battles with the enemy this week, we can report

### a souls surrendered

to our King, and our dearest returned to fight under the Blood-stained banner. Glory to Jesus!

Capt. Thomas.

## Dundas.

Another week of victory. Good meetings all the week. Our comrades giving themselves freely to God to work harder than ever. Sunday was after war of power. Night crowding time.

### 5 dear backsliders

returned home. The devil tried to cheat one out of his salvation, but he set up from his knees and rush out of the hall, but God had much a hold on him that he had to come back, and after confessing all to the Father got forgiven. Closed the week with victory all along the line.

Capt. Totten.

# HAMILTON

## DIVISION.

WE MEAN IT—FIGHTING THE Foe—A  
NARROW ESCAPE—THUNDER AND  
LIGHTNING—TRUE SOLDIERS  
—VICTORY!

God has laid the burden of every soul in the Division on our hearts, and to get them saved. We have determined to be every moment, every day, every night, every strength we have, every talent we possess, and to keep on in spite of difficulties, until, by the grace and power of God, the end of our lives has been accomplished, and Christ reigns eternally.

### Slowly and surely

we are gaining ground. Inside the Lord in the smaller as well as in the larger Corps, we are striking the blows thick and fast, and God is ever present to help us, so there is

### A glorious prospect

of something being done.

On a recent Saturday night, I had a look at one of our infant outposts,

### MIDDLEPORT.

Lieut. Blackwell and Cadet McClellan are in the line to win it for us. They have had success, and are on the right line to gain great victories. Stick to the spirit that wins the people, comrades, and you are bound to go ahead. We had a nice lively march and sing-song. Conviction was manifest, but no souls.

Week on to

### ONONDAGA,

a three miles march, for the Sunday morning and afternoon meeting. A small fall in the weather, but our Sisters Jones' have gone in line for Salvation heroes to move the little fort. Not big crowds did we get, this, however, we made up with some talk

### Big, bumping blessings

to our own souls. Seven miles more to Council House for meeting, returning to Onondaga at 12 p.m.

We rise next morning at four, and face an

### Eight mile tramp, on shank's

pony,

to Brantford. What a good long day of varied experience and enjoyment. Our comrades were rather plaided, but sinners much more so. We are after them, so we rush off to Hamilton, do our business, then back for

### Ayr.

Arriving on the platform, we are welcomed with "Your tent is just gone, but I fall the Salvation Army one right inside, so you must be back and come to plan another scheme to make a late train, and this seemed a late meeting. "No, no default" is our motto, so of us, go, and so on

### Big shinning boy on wheels,

lands us on Galt platform. Here's a buggy; we mount it, and our

### Proper, plucky little pony,

rushes along through slush and stones, up and down hill. Here we are at last. Not so late after all—8.45 exactly.

### A round of volleys

explode as we enter. We had a proper little meeting, everybody got a blessing, but, owing to the lateness of the hour, we could not have more than a prayer meeting. Capt. Cowan and Lieut. Wilson are holding the fort here, and report meetings and influence improving.

It was quite an adventure to start such a long distance home at 11.30 p.m., with only a buggy to take us. The night too, was pitch dark, neither of us knew the road thoroughly, and we had no lamp; but for the moment

### Flashes of lightning,

we should have had a difficulty to have found our way. Before we had got far, we were on the side of the largest rock in the ditch, and Capt. Galt was going headlong to the ground, but I happened to catch his foot just in time to save him, while our

### Seat on springs

bounced up and down with such force, that we were nearly all overboard together. The terrific thunder and angry rain, in no way added to our comfort. We landed in Galt about 1 a.m., well

### Tired, wet and dirty,

thankful that our necks were spared. I could think of nothing more appropriate than for anyone who was well wet, to

### Hang up to dry all night,

and this experience fell on my share, in the Division on our hearts, and to get them saved. We have determined to be every moment, every day, every night, every strength we have, every talent we possess, and to keep on in spite of difficulties, until, by the grace and power of God, the end of our lives has been accomplished, and Christ reigns eternally.

Slowly and surely

we are gaining ground. Inside the Lord in the smaller as well as in the larger Corps, we are striking the blows thick and fast, and God is ever present to help us, so there is

Capt. Galt and his Cadets are going in like true Salvation Soldiers. They are reaching it. To help on the work, they live and sleep in one part of the barracks, and fight for God and souls in the other. They have started to visit and pray in every house in the town, and I feel sure God is going to bless them. The brass band is coming on nicely. The victory must come at Galt, and it will be the Dominion. Cadets going in for it more and more. God will help us.

J. E. MARGRETT, A. D. C.

## WARDSVILLE.

Glory! The devil defeated again. The past week has been one of victory.

### Two left the devil's ranks

and came over on the Lord's side. Hallelujah! Glad morning on Sunday. Day. Praise the Lord! Still there is more to follow.

Capt. Storms.

### Push the "War Cry."

## Riverside.

We can say from our hearts, praise God for what is in doing here. We have had good meetings all week. God has been with us in mighty power. Sunday, we were in line to win it for us. We had a good knee-drill. Holiness meeting grand; Soldiers all on fire. Afternoon, God was with us, and

### One precious soul

went his way to Calvary. At night, 2 more, making

### Three for the week.

"O God be all the glory. Amen. Victory is ours.

Capt. Smith.

## BACKSLIDING.

Backsliding! how truly descriptive and appropriate this word is. The child of God, that is one who has experienced the life which is hid with Christ in God, never leaves his God for plucking him open in his whole nature would revolt against it. It is rather a gradual sliding scale—from a lawbreaker, a coldness, a careless set in. He leaves the company of warm Christians, reads the Bible merely as a duty not for enjoyment; gradually he loses the relief for it; it is then relinquished; prayer becomes dull and dead; gets tired of it, gives it up; worldly company is sought after; secret sin entered into; God is forgotten; he is no longer a child of God, but a backslider, the child of hell. He is all the more miserable; God where he lies; everything and everybody seems to point the finger and say, "Backslider!" No one seems to care and pity for him; he is known wherever he goes. He seems to have Cain's mark on his forehead. "Backslider!" How the devil chuckles over him. Oh, may God have mercy on the backslider, for no one else seems to have any. Talk to him about his soul, and he will meet you with a mocking laugh as if he was amused at your foolishness. Does he hold up his head in defiance when a child of God speaks to him, and treat the matter as a joke? Does he blaspheme God's name openly when in company with those he used to meet from time to time, the worth to him? Does he sneer himself, and show a slow of well-assumed civility in the presence of those he used to serve God with? Not the real backslider does not, the sham may. That he does so is an evident proof that he never was really converted, never experienced the new birth, never had his heart changed; he may have thought so, but it was only a delusion. I am afraid there are thousands like this who, though they were on the way to Heaven; but necessary time to examine ourselves, and see whether we be in the faith.

But is there no cure for the backslider? Yes, thank God there is—in the atoning Blood. His slightest Saviour is still willing, may, yearning for their return. God's word is full of earnest and compelling invitations, beckoning them to return. But it has been said that no ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, and it must be true in this case as in every other. Is there, then, no preventive for backsliding? Thanks be to the most high God, there is, and it is in every other case. If attended to, it is utterly impossible for the child of God to fall away. This is strong language but strictly true. Ever since the Lord restored to me the joy of my Salvation I have had a wilderness dream I should backslide, and be utterly lost; but when I read (or survey) I feel the least obstacle of heart I go right to the Saviour, and Calvary, and as I look at that agony in the garden with its agonizing sweat, and that awful scene at Calvary's Cross, with its thorns and nails and spear on my knees I cry, "Dear Saviour, let me suffer like you, and it is possible I could ever turn back to such a Saviour? If I am not baptized in tears, I ask the dear Lord to let me see

is again, not as a vague ideal doctrine, but in its dire, dreadful reality; the consequence is, I am overwhelmed in tears, overwhelmed with shame at my smallness of my heart, and the trifling nature of my service. I rise from my knees blessed in soul, strengthened in heart, and more than ever determined to love and serve Him with all the power of my being. Thus God, all the powers of earth and hell can never drag me from my faith for more and more. Glory be Jesus forever!

JOHN FOMAS, Bellville, Cochrane (Ath. Scottish).

## Clifford.

Glory to God our sin. The devil is in a trap here. He had to give up one of his Soldiers and Jesus took him in. We are looking for a great finish here, before long.

Cadet Foster.

## COMPETITION LIST.

For WAR CRY No. 39.

Subscription List, 1759.

TORONTO DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. MARGRETT, A. D. C.

Richard St.	1000	Uxbridge	500
Colville	500	Lapworth	500
Bowmanville	400	Stouffville	400
Calgary	300	Waterloo	300
Calgary	200	Orono	200
Farbridge	200	Brooklyn	100
Whitby	100	Pickering	100
Port Perry	100	Lambton	100
Whitby	100	St. Albert	100
Brantford	100	Bronte	100
		Newcastle	75

Total Toronto Div. 5,590.

HAMILTON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. MARGRETT, A. D. C.

St. Catharines	500	Port Dalhousie	150
Hamilton	500	Hamilton	150
Brantford	500	Waterloo	150
Calgary			

The Commissioner,  
Property Department  
229 Queen Street West,  
Toronto, Ont.



